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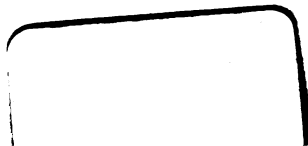
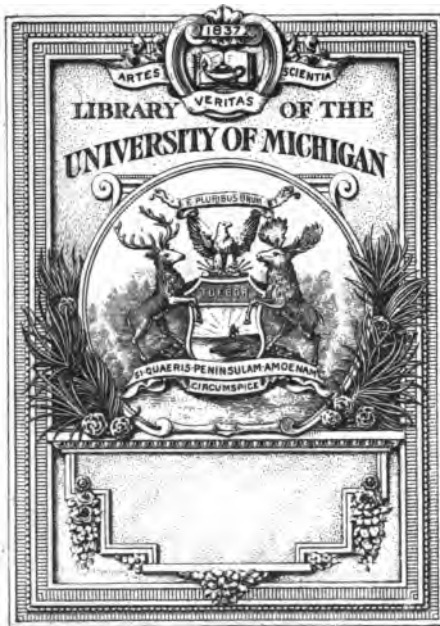
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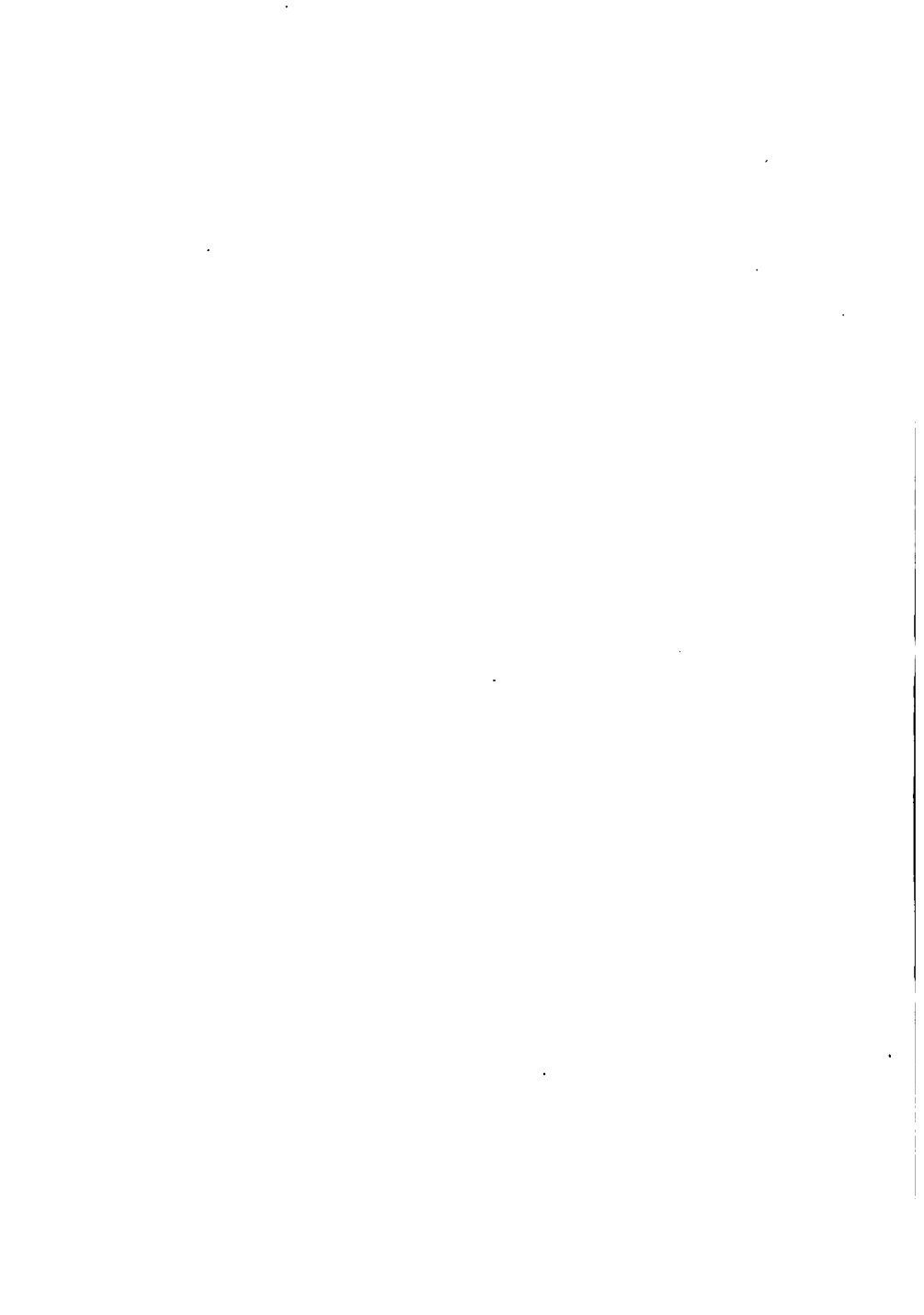
# Talks to Young People

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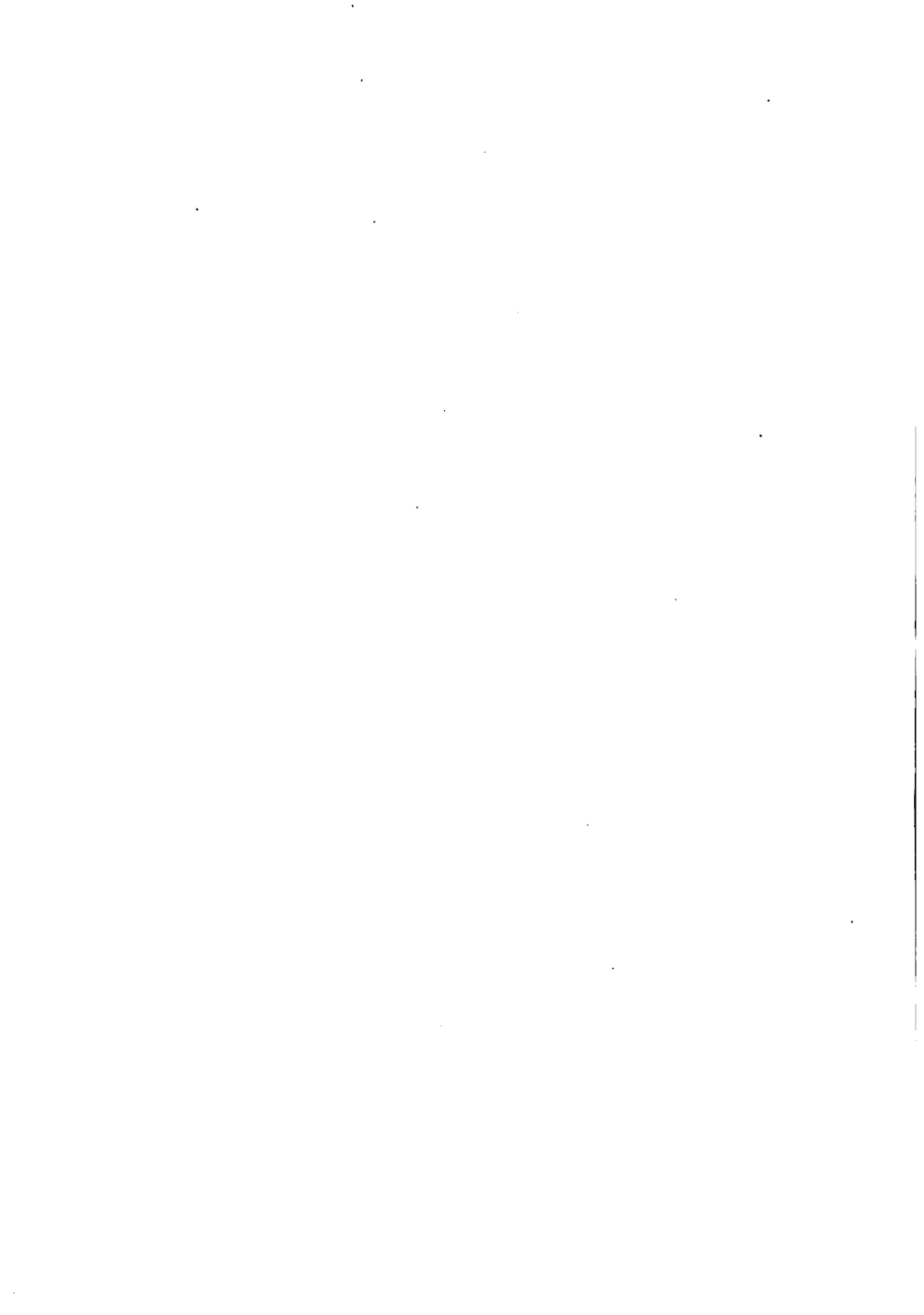
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Henry Sabie

# Talks to Young People



By HENRY SABIN, LL. D.



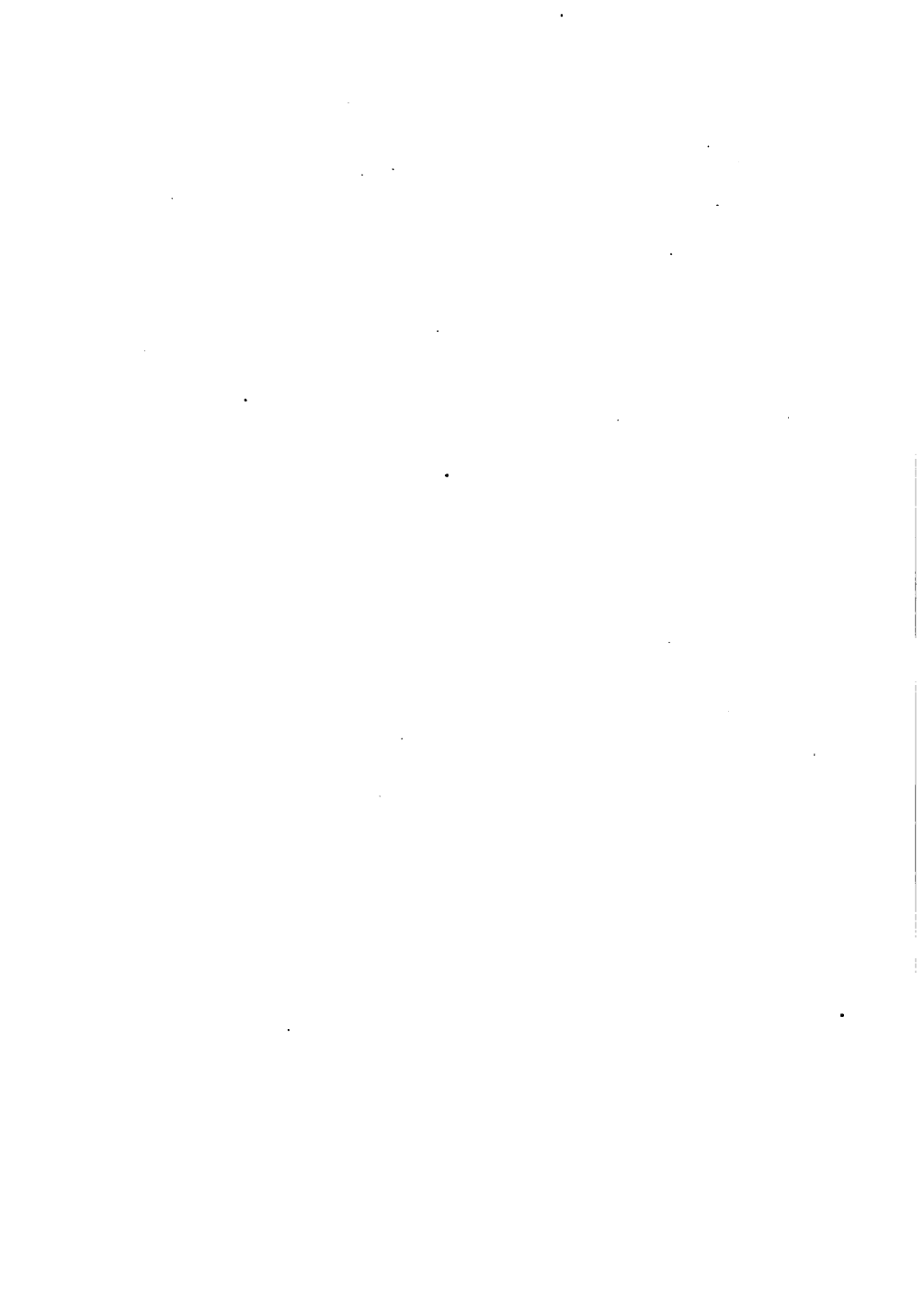
1899

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To the young men and women whom I have known as pupils  
during my years of service in the public schools.



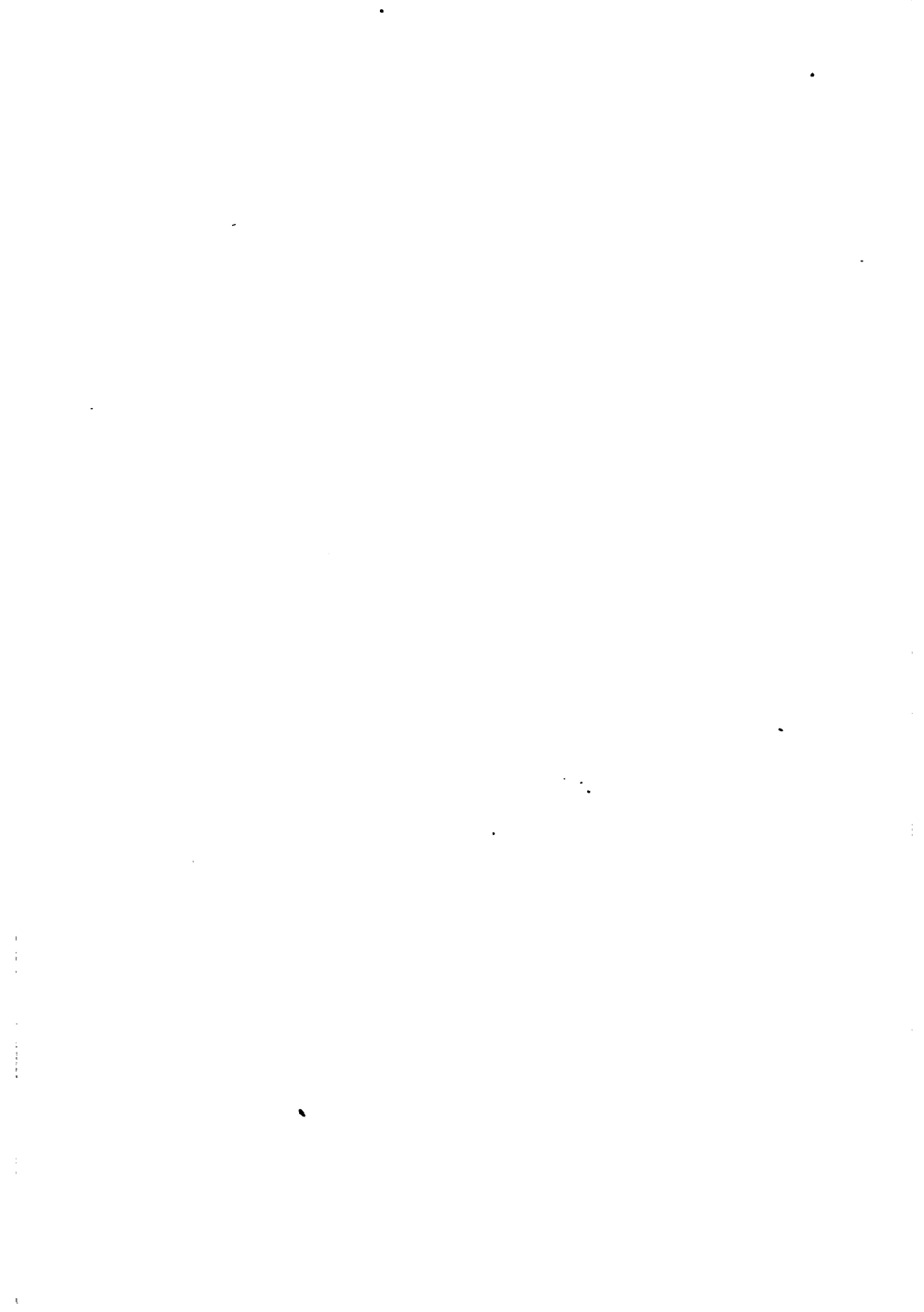
## INTRODUCTION.

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These addresses were mainly delivered to the graduating classes of the Clinton High School. They are sent out in this present form that they may serve as a pleasant memento of other days, and keep alive in our hearts the old friendship which characterized our relation of teacher and pupil.

I am also not without hope that there may be others whom I have known, or to whom I have spoken from the public platform, who will find in these pages something of the spirit of true teaching and of right living, which I have endeavored to awaken in the heart of teacher and pupil alike.

HENRY SABIN.



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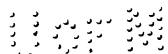
## Knowledge, Science and Religion.

Class of 1874.

It is well that life does not always wear the somber hue of labor; that storms of grief and sorrow sometimes spend their strength; that in life there are days of joy; gala days, when the heart is glad. To such a day you have come. Friends have gathered to witness your exercises. Teachers and schoolmates have decorated your room with flowers, and have brought sweet music, to show that they rejoice in your success.

In behalf of the directors of the public schools of Clinton, it is my duty to present to you these diplomas. They do not certify that your education is finished. They only certify that you have completed the limited course prescribed for our high school. You have but entered the portals. You stand just within the doors. The vast temple of science and literature, with all its wealth and beauty, its stores of knowledge, its grandeur of music, its infinitude of labor, is unexplored before you.

We stand with you to-day at its entrance, and gazing down the aisles, dim with the ever lengthening distance, we behold the shadowy forms of countless worshippers, noble women and heroic



men. As their music dies away in the illimitable dome above them, we catch the refrain of their song, "Knowledge, Science and Religion are one." An accomplished American woman, herself a teacher, says that she can never forget the indescribable gesture, the tender, protective, reverential manner displayed by Agassiz in taking a common green snake from the hand of a schoolgirl. When the same great naturalist gathered his students about him on the isle of Penikese, to open to them the book of nature, his first act was to direct their thoughts to Him whose fingers traced the wondrous pages, and he, himself, as humble as a little child, bowed with them in silent prayer. The great soul of Agassiz has passed into the presence of the All Good, the Infinite One, but the lessons of his life remain to teach us the unity of Knowledge, Science and Religion.

The teachings of history are that knowledge and science divorced from religion produce infidelity or blank atheism; that religion, divorced from knowledge and science degenerates into uncharitableness, bigotry or blind superstition; that the highest civilization of the state, the most complete development of the individual, requires the united working of the three.

There was a time when knowledge was denied the common people; when science dwelt only with cowed monks in their cells and cloisters; when religion consisted in a blind adherence to creeds and dogmas.



Not only is all this changed, but truth has found a new ally in woman. Already she aspires to know the mysteries which pertain to the priesthood of learning, or volunteers to serve as a common soldier in the ranks, embattled on the side of God and humanity. No doubt she will be found a faithful ally, a courageous soldier. But the recruit must not expect to be promoted at once to the leadership, nor must the whole plan of the campaign be altered to meet the ideas of those who have least acquaintance with the strength and resources of the enemy.

It increases your responsibilities that the proper sphere for woman's truest life is yet to be determined. In adding your mite to aid in settling this vexed question, acquire for yourselves a thorough knowledge of all common things. Search for the *intentions* of nature. As he who breaks the laws of his physical being must pay the penalty; so society at large must suffer whenever it breaks the laws which nature has ordained for its governance. Strive to gain for yourself such mastery of knowledge as will make each one of you a true, womanly woman. Remember that a masculine woman is just as much out of place in the world as an effeminate man. Nature is perfect harmony; and the worst of all discords is produced when woman claims to be not the *equal to*, but the *synonym* for man. There is no sphere in woman's life so exalted, none so humble that knowledge does not become her. She can enter upon no relation in life in

which knowledge will be of no avail. Knowledge is the common patrimony of mankind, to which woman is rightful heiress. She does not need it to make her a strong-minded woman. She does imperatively need it to make her *right-minded*.

But what shall I say to you of Science?

Fair browed and thoughtful Goddess, at whose altars such high priests as Cuvier and Humboldt, Agassiz and Morse have ministered, who lifts her devotees so high that, like Bunyan's pilgrims on the Delectable Mountains, they catch a view of the celestial city, and the shining ones who walk therein, she welcomes woman to all her mysteries; throws wide open the portals to her fairyland and bids her walk in pleasant paths, and drink of cooling waters.

Here is a field in which woman may expand her powers. Science has neither height nor depth, which woman, under the guidance of competent teachers, with increasing opportunities for advanced education, may not hope to explore.

In the light of the nineteenth century, men continue to doubt the powers of woman's mind. One of the greatest intellects America has produced, writing to his wife concerning the education of an only daughter, says: "If I thought she would grow up to be a mere fashionable woman, with all the attendant frivolities and vacuities of mind, I would pray God to take her forthwith hence. But I hope, through her, to convince the world that women have souls." It is true

that to-day the vacuities and frivolities of fashionable life stand directly in the way of woman's advancement. That men almost doubt whether women have souls, because they lavish their affections and time on things so trivial and so fleeting.

More than this, the cause of woman will take a great step in advance when she comes fully to know and realize that her redemption consists, not in the ballot box, not in the right to be heard in the pulpit, at the bar, or on the platform; but in the right to gain for herself and her daughters as wide a range of information, as deep an insight into the hidden things of science as are furnished to her more favored sons by the oldest colleges in the land. Herein is woman's opportunity. If under the guidance of ambitious leaders she throws it away, in an insane scramble for the right of suffrage and political honors, posterity will record it as the greatest mistake of the age.

But the chaplet which I would have you wreath for the brow of woman is bereft of its fairest flowers, without the chastening influence of Religion. I do not commend the religion of any sect or creed; not that which delights in empty forms and ceremonies, nor that which spends its strength in contending about points which either were or ought to have been buried one hundred years ago.

There is a broader religion proclaimed in the sweet evangel, "God is love;" a purer Chris-

tianity whose divine founder went about doing good. This is the religion which is the companion of knowledge and science. This is the Christianity which sends its disciples into the highways and byways of life, in search of those who, weary with the march, are ready to fall and perish by the wayside. I commend to you a religion which forbids all tattling and gossiping, backbiting and slandering, which makes the scholar more diligent, the teacher more earnest, the business man more honest, the Christian more charitable; a religion which was so practiced by our mothers as to make them sainted in our memories forever.

As you go out from these walls to-day, to return as scholars no more, as you must soon take your place in the "Sisterhood of Woman," take for your motto, "Knowledge, Science and Religion."

With your diplomas I tender also the best wishes of your teachers, the good will of your schoolmates. In all your coming life, in health or sickness, in joy or sorrow, in gladness or grief, in prosperity or adversity, in life, in death, I commend you to the gracious care of Him, who "will not quench the smoking flax, nor break the bruised reed."

## Work and Culture.

—  
Class of 1875.

At length the noiseless, swift-footed years have brought us to the centennial period of the republic. Again, in imagination, the British soldier marches wearily along the dusty road from Lexington, harassed at every step by the hardy yeomanry. Once more Prescott and Putman marshal their men at nightfall; the venerable president of Harvard implores upon them the blessing of Almighty God. Then, with cautious tread, they march over Bunker's height, thenceforth renowned forever, and gather on the crest of Breed's hill. The rude redoubt goes up through all the early hours, while from over the sluggish waters comes the prophetic cry of the sentinel, "All is well!" In the morning the astonished gaze of the British commander falls upon a frowning earthwork where but yesterday the green turf was unbroken. The ringing of bells, the firing of cannon, the hurried marching of troops, announce the "battle's magnificently stern array," and the tired provincials lay down the pickaxe and the shovel only to grasp the trusted rifle. The battle, the retreat, need no description. Here Stark and Pomeroy incite their



men to bravest acts—there Warren falls, most gallant, most lamented of them all. Great and venerable as is the character of these men, we respect still more the memory of their works.

For you who stand upon the threshold of active life, the memory of our revolutionary sires brings this lesson—that “deeds alone are permanent.” In these peaceful times there is still room for a lofty ambition. The nation never stood in greater need of true men and true women than it does to-day.

The discipline of your studies has been greatly lost upon you if it has not kindled within you an admiration of virtue and filled you with high hopes of living a life rounded with worthy deeds. How to realize such aspirations is to you a most practical question. Be assured that nothing permanent, nothing enduring, nothing worth having can be accomplished without hard work. Honest work is always to be commended—there is a certain native grace about it which commands respect at all times and from all persons. It is not true that the priesthood of learning is the only surviving caste of modern times. There is also a priesthood of labor, and they who assume its vows and enter upon its service constitute the true nobility of their age.

But if you would realize the energizing effects of labor, have some definite end in view. Do not allow yourself to drift into the company of those who lead an aimless life. To fix upon

some end worthy of being attained is the first step towards manhood. The secret of many a man's success in after life and of many a boy's failure ere he reached his prime, has been concealed at this starting point.

It is an increasing evil that so many of our youth are growing up without a trade, without a profession, without a purpose in life. This is the reason why so often from among them are furnished recruits for the ranks of the debauchee and the gambler. How to remedy this evil is a social problem which must be solved in some practical way if the republic is to be perpetuated.

I urge it upon you that nothing will so strengthen you to resist temptation, to break up evil habits, to endure the severe toil which labor imposes upon all who desire to know the mysteries of her worship, as the cherished aspiration that it is possible for you to have your names enrolled among those who are "dear to God and famous to all ages." It does not follow that you are to wait for a work of the greatest magnitude. There are but few leaders—there are many soldiers.

When the day declines, and the twilight comes, and one by one the stars look out, *he* will be most welcome to his rest who has gleaned even the corners of his little field, nor left one sheaf ungarnered. The simple story in the life of Christ that He went about doing good, affects us far more than all the acts of

heroism ever chronicled of crowned heads. Be sure that your work tends to make the place where your lot is cast the better for your living in it. If no work comes to you, seek for it. Take up with any honorable work which offers itself rather than be idle. Better be deaf, dumb and blind than to be lazy; for the unfortunate, men will pity and sometimes help, but the lazy, no man pities and even the gods refuse to help. I commend hard work to you as conferring the greatest possible dignity upon man or woman.

But it is not necessary that labor should separate you from a broad and generous culture. Plato, being asked how long he intended to be a scholar, replied, "As long as I am not ashamed to grow wiser and better." It is the part of a wise man to so combine his labor and culture that his soul may be ever open to receive the living waters at whose fountains the master spirits of ages have knelt down to drink. That culture is not particularly desirable which comes without labor and manifests itself only in fashionable life. The demands of public society, the particulars of dress, the general bearing of the person, are all of some account. I advise you not to disregard them, but to keep them always in a subordinate place. When regulated by common sense, they become minor manifestations of culture.

But much which passes for culture is a worthless imitation. After the death of the Emperor

Constantine his body, arrayed in kingly attire, was laid upon a bed of gold and the officers of state came at the accustomed hour to do reverence before the dead as had been their wont before the living. So society, brought face to face with some dead, effete custom, bows reverently before it only because fashion has crowned it with gold and robed it in royal purple.

In this age of printing, you will have free access to books. Though silent, they are the most potent counselors of our lives. The impression which they make upon our minds is stamped like the image upon the coin. If you attain to any degree of culture, whether you read history or poetry, fiction or science, choose only those authors whose English is a well of undefiled purity, whose imaginations are as sweet and chaste as the summer air, whose thoughts are the offspring of great feelings. I warn you against the sensational literature of the day. The reading of it imparts no knowledge, induces no culture. It clothes in the deceptive light of heroism deeds which are in themselves base and dishonorable. It weakens the intellect and unfits the whole being for the sober realities of life. It throws around the horrid deformities of vice a beautiful drapery of words, and thus by the half concealed beauty of the outlines, forms within the mind of the youth the foundation of foul and diseased imagination. Such literature is no worse because called a dime novel; no better because called a Sabbath

school book. The evil is in the weakening, enervating, depressing influence of such literature, under whatever name it is prepared.

Someone says, "Build doves' nests and doves will come." So the thoughts which dwell continually in our minds will be such by nature as are attracted by the mental homes which we have prepared for them. Read a little of some good author every day. Not that you may always make his thoughts your own, but rather that his thoughts may stimulate yours and that the purity of his language may be a model for your imitation. A little reading will oft make an intellectual giant, while the gluttonous, all-devouring reader remains a dwarf. It is true concerning readers that "Pigmies are pigmies still though perched on Alps, and pyramids are pyramids in vales."

But reading is not the only source of culture. Your conversation, your associates, the class of public entertainments you frequent, will have a most important bearing on your life. It shows a low culture when the circus and minstrels are more attractive than the concert or the lecture. In conversation, be moderate, choice of your words, considerate of others. Do not shoot your words at random, least you wound those at whom you would not willingly even aim. The uncultured mind delights in frivolous conversation, in slang phrases, in harsh, severe denunciation of others. Genuine culture is characterized by charity. A man of refinement

is as careful of another's reputation as he is of his own. There is a group of sculpture in the Vatican at Rome which represents Laocoon and his sons struggling in the folds of two horrid serpents. As represented there, they are not more helpless in their agony, nor more pitiable in their terror, than many a man who has suddenly found himself entangled in the chains which idle rumor and thoughtless talk have thrown about him.

Remember, again, that a man is known not so much by the company he keeps as by that which he avoids. Not that culture is found in the case of the hermit alone. It is the very foundation of social life, the source of good companionship. Running all through society are lines dividing men into sects and parties. The less culture a man has the more prone is he to think that no weeds can grow in his garden—that no flowers can by any means blossom the other side of the hedge. Regiments of the same army, we delight in shelling each others' camps. You will need *right* culture to lift you above this strife and turmoil, to widen your thought, to give you power on the one hand to shun the narrow minded and the bigoted, and grace on the other to recognize the strength of that divine alliance which binds together all those who, by words, thoughts and deeds, prove themselves children of the same All-loving Father.

With work and culture for your motto, you

may realize all reasonable aspirations. It only remains to tender you these diplomas. As the buds of spring swell into the foliage of summer, so pleasant memories of the past expand into good wishes for the future. No man can blot himself out of existence, so no man can utterly destroy his own influence. Cast your influence always on the side of truth and justice, of humanity and God, so that when your summons comes to join the loved and lost who dwell so near us, yet so far away, whose pinions sweep the air about us, yet whose homes are within the gates celestial, you may enter with them into that land whose work is without weariness, whose culture is without limit.

## Education.

—  
Class of 1876.

Swifter than the flight of an eagle, like a weaver's shuttle, to and fro, to and fro, noiselessly weaving the web of life, the laden years pass by. What, even, is a century? A drop in the vast illimitable ocean—a single beat of that great pendulum whose majestic oscillations mark the passage of eternal ages. Yet rightfully the nation keeps its centennial jubilee. The little vines, which our fathers planted along the Atlantic coast, have extended their branches beyond the river and the mountains, until their shadow covers the land from the lakes to the gulf, from the ocean to the ocean. The sun of independence, which rose one hundred years ago upon a struggling people of 3,000,000 souls, shines in its centennial grandeur upon a nation possessing the wealth of the continent, upon a republic whose foundations are cemented in the blood of martyred heroes slain in defense of the nation's unity. In this year of rejoicing you come to pass the narrow line which separates the school from the active, busy world beyond. You have received your education in a public school, not as a *charity*, but as your *right*; not as a *gift*, but



as part of your *inheritance*—a right and an inheritance which we are under the most sacred obligations to transmit unimpaired to those who come after us.

You have learned from history that our fathers achieved their independence in the name of liberty. But they recognized the fact, that knowledge is the very soul of liberty; that freedom of conscience cannot exist among an ignorant people; that if the masses are not educated, universal suffrage will become a deadly weapon in the hands of designing men; that although Justice may stand in the market place with bandaged eyes and drawn sword, unless wisdom guide her arm, the blows will fall on friend and foe alike.

The idea that the state must care for the education of its children is by no means of modern origin. It was conceived by the founders of the nation. Such men as Washington, Jefferson and the elder Adams were its earnest advocates. Most of the original states provided for it at an early date in their history; and it is no insignificant argument that those states which made most liberal appropriation for public schools and seminaries of learning soon surpassed the others in the number, the intelligence and the wealth of their population. These western states, stimulated by the example of their older sisters, keenly alive to the wants of a scattered population, foreseeing the time when they should become the heart of

the nation, have laid broad and deep the foundations for public education. Did our fathers make a mistake? Has it been a waste of time, a squandering of money? If it is too soon for us to boast of our success, it is also too soon for any to proclaim a failure.

The patriotic sentiment which you have chosen for your class motto—"As God was with our fathers, so may He be with us"—is appropriate to-night. The times do not demand that we should undo their work, but bring it nearer to perfection. Under the guidance of Him who has crowded a century with the wonderful workings of His providence, we are not to pull down, but to build up, not to destroy, but preserve. As God was with our fathers in establishing, so may He be in coming years with you in maintaining the truth. Remember that the right to mental growth is as much the gift of God to every child as is the air we breathe, the green earth on which we tread, or the immortal souls which we possess.

A little reflection will convince you that so rapid has been our increase, so various the sources of our growth, so unbroken the stream of emigration to our shores, that we are farther from being a homogeneous people to-day than we were at the beginning of the century. The ideal civilization of the future is to be permanent, American, based upon the general culture of the whole people. The strength of a republican government is in the intelligent approval

of its citizens. A nation which is homogeneous, not through customs, manners or traditions, but through intelligence and culture, has within itself all the elements of strength and perpetuity. To realize our national motto—to make one people from many—is in part the work assigned our American school system.

“If wisdom and knowledge as well as virtue are to be diffused generally among the body of people, as being necessary for the preservation of their rights and liberties,” “if learning is not to be buried in the graves of our fathers,” “if among all orders of people we would spread abroad that wholesome charity, which inculcates that our neighbors, though differing widely from us in religion or politics, may be equally as conscientious or patriotic as ourselves,” each decade of the coming century must see the free school system preserved and made more perfect, the doors of the schoolhouse kept wide open, and education proffered to the lowly children of poverty and toil, as the surest road to wealth, station or power, from which the American constitution debars no American citizen. As the tree is known by its fruits, the fountain by its waters, so the worth of your education will be judged by the lives it induces you to lead. With each succeeding year the fields seem more white for the harvest; the bending grain to wait more impatiently for the sickle of the reaper. Whatever deed of charity or love or duty is given you to do, accept it as the gift of God. Do not

drink from stagnant pools. Fill the measure to the brim with living waters.

As the Republic hails its one hundredth birthday, it demands from all its scholars new vows of fealty to truth, of loyalty to learning. You will do your country wrong if you make your education a plaything for your amusement, or use it solely as the means of your own selfish advancement. The paths of poverty and toil, of ignorance and sorrow, lead up to every door. You may carry but the cup of cold water to the thirsty lips; you may inspire a sinking soul with courage, or awaken a love of knowledge in the abode of ignorance, and by your humanity, your zeal, you make your country a better Republic.

With your diplomas I tender you the best wishes of your teachers and your schoolmates.

You are no longer scholars of the public school, but remember that in coming years our public schools will need defenders and will seek for them among those who, like you, have needed their benefits.

We send you forth with pleasant memories of the past, with anxious yet hopeful thoughts of the future. As God was with our fathers, so may He be with you, and thus whether your sun goes down at high noon, or you linger till the evening star appears above the horizon, may the dissolution of this frail earthly house prove your admission to those realms where dwell the honored of the nation, and the loved ones of our households, where many centuries are counted as one day, and one day as many centuries.

## Character.

—  
Class of 1877.

It is not my intention to detain you with many words, yet I cannot sever the ties which have bound us together for so many years without expressing the regret and congratulations of your teachers—our regret that we shall meet you no more as scholars in yonder halls, and our congratulations that you leave behind you in our memories so honorable a record. As the mariner who leaves the port with full sail and prosperous breeze, knows not what calms may delay his voyage, what storms may wreck his ship, through what vicissitudes of sickness and health, of life and death, he may be called to pass before he greets again, if ever, the green shores and swelling hills of his native land—so as you leave the pleasant harbor within whose waters you have always found safe anchorage, there is enough uncertainty about the future to cause in our minds the gravest of anxieties. To you the coming years seem garlanded with flowers and crowned with music. To us, who have seen the garlands covered with the dust of the race course, who have heard the enchanting music of youth change into the stirring notes of the trumpet, life never seemed so much a divine

reality, its necessities so great, its responsibilities so overwhelming, as they do to-night. The battle field is all around you, the wounded are to be cared for, the dying are to be solaced, the dead are to be buried out of our sight.

Be content to work in the trenches, with the pickaxe and the shovel, if necessity requires it, but be equally ready to grasp the rifle and to follow the banners of truth, whether they lead you through the thickest of the fight or to encamp for the night on the exposed places of the field. Better, far better, be one of the "gallant six hundred," even though you ride straight into the valley of death, than to act the coward in the day of battle. I charge each one of you that you seek to build up a noble, upright, Christian character. In Rome's palmyest days the Roman citizen carried with him the consciousness that Rome ruled the world, and that he was a Roman. The consciousness that you are citizens of a nobler kingdom than Roman eagles ever conquered, of a nation in which each man may attain the dignity of true manhood, which is better than the scepter of a king, and each woman the dignity of true womanhood, which is better than the crown of a queen, should be always with you, a potent influence, an unseen but sure reliance, as when the Lord opened the eyes of the servant of Elisha, and behold the mountain was full of chariots and horses of fire. Give to your character the sternness and self denial of the old Puritan, who

trampled all things under his feet, and held in abeyance the affections of his heart lest he fail of the grace of God. Give it the gentleness of Sir Philip Sidney, who put away from his parched and dying lips the cup of cold water that he might assuage the thirst of a dying fellow soldier, saying, "thy necessities are greater than mine." Lay its foundations broad and deep. Let it be the growth of years. Build it slowly; build it surely; but cease not to build it daily till from its top you reach the skies. Cherish, in respect to your character, lofty aspirations. Lift up by your own exertions the everlasting gates of rectitude and justice if you wish the King of Glory to come in. Avoid that low, mean cunning which men seek to dignify by the name of policy. If you incur an obligation be sure that you meet it, no matter at what expense of profit, of self advancement or of personal convenience. Give your word with caution, but when once given let it be binding upon your conscience, as sacred as your oath. Cherish a nice sense of honor. The character which I would have you bear is of so delicate a texture that the very shadow of an evil thought passing over it may leave an indelible stain. Remember right is always right, and wrong is always wrong. I warn you against that sentimental cast of character, the product of modern thought, which looks upon a crime as only a venial error, and upon a criminal as a being more worthy of pity than punishment. Society will never be

freed from the social, political and religious tramps who prey upon it until we learn to call a crime a crime, and a criminal a criminal.

It will add an element of caution to your character if you learn to avoid temptation. To look wistfully down the lanes and alleys of folly, along which the hurrying feet of thousands tread; to darken, by your presence, the doors which open into haunts of infamy and sin, are the first steps toward moral death. It will add strength to your character if you learn to resist temptation. In these western cities, where the allurements to vice are spread upon every corner, where the most infamous callings do not wait for the going down of the sun to ply their trade in our very streets, that young person, I say it sincerely, is not far from the kingdom of God who has the courage of heart, the strength of purpose, the moral principle, when assailed by temptation, to say "no."

Finally, add to your character that most gracious gift—charity. Learn to look kindly upon suffering humanity. Lose not your faith in man, which is but little short of losing faith in God.

Is there not in the soul of every human being a wealth of immortality more precious far than all God's universe beside, whether the fortunes of life have clothed him in royal purple or a beggar's rags?

I tender you your diplomas in the name of the board of education of the city of Clinton. To the good wishes of parents and friends, I



add our earnest prayer that God, who is the Father of us all, may lift the light of His countenance upon you, and grant you peace.

Remember that we are not yet at home. There are not many to whom it is given, as it was to Moses, to look from Pisgah's top into the promised land which lies beyond Jordan, but the promised land is there, beyond the river, in the Paradise of God. There is another realm than this. Here the sentence passed upon these mortal bodies must be fulfilled. These hands must forget their cunning, these tearful eyes must close in perpetual sleep. But there, the character which we have formed through long laborious years must stand out in full relief, in the radiant presence of the Eternal One, blackened and scarred by the fires of passion, corroded by lust, dwarfed by selfishness, hideous and deformed, or else beautiful in its fair proportions, carved and sculptured by many a deed of charity, of love, crowned with the benediction of peace, a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

## Truth.

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Class of 1878.

Old philosophers were wont to say that life is of worth only as it reveals the interior beauty of the soul. All outward acts, they said, have an inward source; therefore the chief concern of life is to keep these sources chaste and pure. An old writer says: "It is a maxim among us Christians that we cannot possibly suffer any real hurt, if we cannot be convicted of any real evil. You may kill indeed, but you cannot hurt us." Thus that just life, which is the fruit of true grandeur of soul, cannot be marred even by an infamous death. The future which awaits you will be determined, not by what you have done in the past, but by what the inward grace of integrity prompts you to do.

From this time forth, in a new and higher sense, you are personally responsible for every act. I believe that there will come a time in the existence of every person when these two questions will present themselves, and demand an answer. The one is, "without my fortune, my friends, my position, aside from my surroundings, standing alone like the pyramid in the desert, in myself and of myself, what am I?" The other, "without grudging, without selfish-

ness, without hope of reward, without applause of men, what have I done for others?" Happy is he who in the supreme moment of life can answer these questions aright. At his approach the gates of peace will swing on golden hinges, and the ending of his life will be as the ceasing of exquisite music. On that memorable morning when Christ stood before Pilate, the hesitating judge asked him, "What is truth?" It was a question thrown out for the ages to answer. Humanity has vexed itself to tears in the search for its solution.

Truth in the person of a dead and crucified Christ, men embalm in creeds and dogmas and forms of belief. But Truth, as a living, resurrected Christ, you will best preach and worship in honest, guileless lives; not prating about your goodness on the corners of the streets, but revealing the integrity of your motives by the plain, old-fashioned Anglo-Saxon common sense which characterizes your actions.

Truth is the pith of manliness; the type of all that is God-like. As with the sunlight, men may shut it out of their dwellings, but they can never build walls high enough or thick enough to shut it in.

It is your fortune to come upon the stage of action at a time when some proclaim that truth has no existence. Truth, they say, is only a myth, a fiction, a ghost, stalking among the graves of buried centuries. Let no one mislead you. In your reading, studying or thinking, do

not rashly attempt to explore the blind mazes of modern skepticism. Truth has risen from the sepulcher, "Why should we seek the living among the dead?" A blade of grass, the wild flowers growing in the hidden clefts of the rocks, a single star seen through the rifts in yonder clouds, above all, the divinity within us, which prompts the boldest unbeliever to cherish the hope that there may be life for the soul beyond this,—even as upon the laurel-shaded hearth the vestal virgins fed the eternal fire, these furnish an argument for the existence of God, which the wisdom of man can never hope to answer. Mirabeau said, "God is as necessary as liberty to the French people." It is equally true of America. Whatever position you may take in life, make truth your ally. Remember that deeds have no permanence in themselves except they be founded upon a living faith; and faith has no pre-eminence over doubt except it be crowned with living deeds. Truth will not drive you out of, but into, society. The cross which we are called to bear is not the cross of the hermit, but the cross of our common nature. The need of the world to-day is men and women who can go down into the dark, rough places of society, and carry light and hope where never light or hope were known before. We need men and women who, in the interest of truth, can pass through the fiercest flames and not even the smell of fire be found upon their garments.

High above all questions of party or sect you

will be confronted by those greater questions which affect the social standing of the race. It is a real cause for alarm that certain phases of thought, which we have hitherto supposed incident to European governments, have appeared like plague spots upon the face of our new civilization. The remedy, whatever it is, must be as far from compromise on the one hand as it is from rashness on the other. Truth and error never shake hands. Do not play the part of the coward or the sluggard. Be not content to view the battle from afar. There are men in every community who stand like girdled trees in the forest, without growth or foliage, barkless, branchless, waiting only for time to remove them. Let your lives rather be like the stately oak, survivor of a hundred winters, full of life and growth, flowering and budding all over with loyalty to man, whose beauty is in its symmetry, but whose strength is in its heart.

We are not to be discouraged at the apparent defeat of truth. Lowell says: "Truth is ever on the scaffold, wrong is ever on the throne." Yet the day is coming when wrong shall be brought to the scaffold and truth shall be exalted to the throne. The dead Bryant still lives in his immortal verse:

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again;  
The eternal years of God are hers;  
But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,  
And dies amidst his worshippers."

With these diplomas accept the hearty good will of teachers, schoolmates and friends. May all life's sorrows be as the fire which refines the gold, and all its joys be as the sunshine which lifts the palm to its lofty height. Our work is done. And yet the "good-by" lingers on our lips. To-night a thousand memories throng about us. Dear familiar forms, the life and light of childhood's home, whose faces long since were hidden beneath the sod, walk again with us in old familiar places, and their voices, tuned to sweeter converse with the angels, thrill our hearts with melody as in the days that are no more. The sweetest memories of childhood dwell in the secret corridors of the heart. We open wide the door and

“Old-time friends and twilight plays,  
And starry nights and sunny days  
Come trooping up the misty ways.”

In all the vicissitudes of life,

“Be just and fear not;  
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,  
Thy God's, and Truth's.”

## Be Bold.

—  
Class of 1879.

It is my duty, speaking in behalf of the directors of the public schools, to present you these diplomas.

With them I tender you the good wishes of friends, teachers and schoolmates. And here I would gladly stop; only to sever these pleasant relations, and to send you forth with no words of counsel and advice, would be heartless.

In the first place, it is not probable that each one of you will be distinguished in the walks of life. It is not essential to your happiness or success that you should be. There may be among your number a president, a governor, or, I am afraid, a congressman. Some of the ladies may grace the professor's chair, or win the listening ear of thousands by the magic of her pen. But these are not the gifts I most earnestly covet for you. Rather, I would have you honest, pure in heart, alive to every call of duty, possessing that fear of the Lord which is the beginning, the end and the all of wisdom. I would have you ambitious, indeed, but not so much to accomplish some great thing, as to discharge justly, rightly and magnanimously, all the duties of life. The world expects no more

of you than it has of thousands before you. Your sphere in life may be limited and yet give you occasion to show the hero and the man complete. As far as within you lies live peaceably with all; but if you are called upon to fight, strike straight from the shoulder. Display no Quaker guns. Fire no blank cartridges. Remember that a faint heart never won anything worth having, whether in love or war. Again, I would have you get all the good you can out of life as you go along. You have a right to all reasonable pleasures. The trouble with most of us is that we go out of our way after enjoyment. We forget that the Creator has manifested his beneficence in scattering enjoyable things all along our paths, if we but have the heart to receive them. To enjoy life is a duty which you may not neglect, always remembering that all lasting enjoyment is in the line of duty. Pleasure thus attained is not a cheat. It becomes a well-spring of life, a source of perpetual strength, a foretaste of immortality. Let each day add something to your happiness, for thus only can you add something to the happiness of those about you. Thus, walking in the ways of peace and well doing, the heart will burn within you, and you may know that the Master has been walking, a companion, by your side.

Finally, be bold without malice; charitable, yet firm in your own convictions of right; ready to assume responsibility, yet content to fill out to its complete fullness the little circle of your



home. Let the present be to you all alive with the earnest of the coming future. We may not conclude that "the end of each, and all, and every life is a wreck," because the white sails which dot the illimitable ocean one by one drift beyond our mortal sight.

"We know not where His islands lift  
Their froned palms in air;  
We only know we cannot drift  
Beyond His love and care."

And now the time to say farewell has come. We seem to sit like weavers before the great loom of time. With busy fingers, plying the noiseless shuttle, we weave a magic tapestry, whose figures, wrought in living threads, more precious far than gold or silver, appear and vanish, only to reappear and bear witness to our skill, long after we are dead. When in advancing years, and with the busy hum of the world's vast machinery, the slackened hand betokens the weary brain, and the moistened eye tells that

"A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering  
happier things,"

we may not leave our task till the Master calls to rest. And then as the kindly hand of death leads us into the silent land, departing we may leave the influence of our lives to fall like a benediction of strength upon those who come after us. If, in the noisome atmosphere of early life, the fire goes out upon the altar, let

the words of the poet be the Promethean torch  
to kindle it anew:

“Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll.  
Leave thy low vaulted past.  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more  
    vast,  
Till thou at length are free—  
Leaving thy outgrown shell by life’s unrest-  
    ing sea.”

## Faith.

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Class of 1880.

Nature is as full of truth as it is of mystery. The wonderful developments of science which meet us on every side, bringing us each year into closer connection with those invisible laws through which the eye, the ear, the hand, are given powers more than human, almost divine—are not the unveiling of nature's mysteries, but the simple application of truth as it has existed through all ages. Yet again nature is perfection in every part. The annihilation of a single drop of water would destroy the equilibrium of the universe; the abstraction of a single grain of sand from the sum total of created matter would render the work of creation imperfect.

Every blade of grass, every leaf upon the tree, every insect which finds its ocean home in a drop of water, every infant which lives and breathes and in its breathing dies, forms an essential part of one great design. Nay, more than this; so powerful, so searching is the hidden chain which we call cause and effect, running through all nature, that should one particle fail to perform its office, the laws through which these discoveries become possible would be wholly inoperative. The lesson to us is very

simple; whether we will or will not, we must, and do, act our allotted part, and fill our place in the perfect, wise, far-reaching economy of God.

Your lot is cast in an energetic, wide-awake, bustling part of the world. There is no room for sluggards west of the Mississippi. Here there is plenty of work, and those who are not willing to do their share must stand aside or be crushed by the crowd. I know not what your intentions are, but if you expect others to clothe and feed you, you will be apt to go hungry, or to be clothed in rags.

In this, the beginning of your life, I commend to you the value of good common sense. To be able to adapt ourselves to surrounding circumstances; to know how to make the best of that which for the time being is the best we can get, is really a fine art. It is no sin to envy him who attains it. Akin to this is the art of attending to your own affairs. If your neighbor chooses to raise potatoes while you raise corn; if he puts books into his home while you put your money into the bank; if he prefers to have his daughter learn music while yours learns to make bread; if he buys mining stock while you buy horses—it is a matter with which a wise man will not meddle. Should your crops be more luxuriant than his, should you have a richer, deeper soil, give the Lord thanks and keep silent.

Do not study to know the bad side of human

nature. Put no faith in a man who tells you that all men are hypocrites. To be sure, there are those who wear their creeds pinned to their coat sleeves. Sometimes a bright star in the moral heavens is suddenly extinguished; but on the other hand, there are thousands whose deeds are all recorded, though unknown to us, and whose unchanging creed of love and faith and duty is written on the fleshy tablets of the heart; so that when the judgment is set, it will undoubtedly be found that there is more good than evil in the world, that the divine kingdom has always had a multitude of followers among the poor and lowly. Did not the star pass by the palaces of kings and stop over the lowly stable of the wayside inn? and is it not written,

“The common people heard Him gladly?”

Should you be called by Providence to be a leader in some good work, accept the labor gratefully. He who accepts a crown with all its responsibilities, may be as much a hero as he who declines it. But, as is most probable, should your lot be cast in the common walks of life, remember that your work is necessary to be done, even though you have to stoop to it. The battle is won, not by the hurrahs of the leaders, but by the steady, onward tramp of the rank and file; we have leaders enough—we need more soldiers: we have preaching enough—we need more practice.

As part of the common people, you can help

us bring about that revolution which the country needs; not a revolution which shall turn it upside down, but one which shall turn it inside out, bringing to the front the better home life of the people, both in religion and politics. Right here let me say that you, more than all other classes which have graduated since I have been connected with these schools, illustrate the truth of the fact that our common schools are for the common people. I know the sacrifices some of you have made to reach this point and I honor you for it.

I present you your diplomas in the name of the independent district of the city of Clinton. I tender you the good wishes of teachers, friends and schoolmates. May you have strong limbs, clear heads, and honest hearts; may you always find plenty of work to do; may you meet always with reasonable success; may your eyes be open to see the good and pleasant side of life; may your ears be open to hear the cry of those in distress, and your feet, shod with the sandals of love, be swift to run to their relief. Finally, in the words of an old-fashioned book, in which I have an increasing confidence, and in which I hope you will never lose your faith, "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report—if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

## Daily Life.

Class of 1881.

Up to the present time the main object of your education has been to acquire knowledge. Now you are to enter a broader field. No less scholars than before, the world, life, nature, are to be your teachers. You are to

“Find tongues in trees, books in the running  
brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.”

At the start I hope you will strive to have a correct idea of what our daily life is. This is not a perfect world; yet we are in it. From this existence there is no retreat; from this present life there is no exit except through the grave. For all which happened before our day, we are not responsible; of the nature of that life which exists beyond what we call death, we have no positive knowledge. Our yesterdays are swallowed up in the abyss of the past; our to-morrows, far beyond our reach, are in the hands of God. The lines of responsibility which radiate from every life cannot be traced even in our imagination.

The question which most concerns us all, then, is how to make the most of to-day. Carlyle's motto, “If you have anything to do,

do it," is most apt and pertinent. The work of the world is to be done. How far your education has fitted you to do your share, the future must determine. Your teachers have not endeavored to make the path of knowledge smooth and easy. In some respects the schools of our fathers were better than ours. They taught self-reliance; they gave the child something to do; they lifted up the standard of hard work. In after life no lesson learned in school will be so useful to you, and yet so gratifying, as the consciousness that you have overcome these difficulties by your own unaided efforts. "I can because I must" has lifted many a man into a high position. Someone writes, "man doth not yield himself to the angels, nor even unto death, utterly, save through the weakness of his own feeble will." To deal justly, to love mercy, to walk humbly is something; but this daily life embraces everything.

"Life may be given in many ways,  
And loyalty to truth be sealed  
As bravely in the closet as the field—  
So generous is fate."

If your life is in lowly paths, remember that Christ was as ready to heal the poor blind man who sat by the wayside and begged, as he was to feed the five hundred in the desert. If you are called to stand in high places, remember that he who accepts the crown may be more of a hero than he who cowardly refuses it. Do not be stubborn or bigoted. Respect your neighbor's



opinion; his insight into the workings of society may be clearer than yours. But stand up bravely in defense of the truth as you see it.

Give me the man who, in the discharge of his duty, having once taken hold of that which is right, never loses his grip through fear of personal consequences; whose whole active life is but the outward growth and expansion of the inward grace of backbone. Be wide awake in the world; keep pace with the times in which you live. Each age has its own peculiar evils, its own peculiar wants, its own needed reforms. What is evil and what is reform will be for you in your own day to determine.

Study the great moral, social and political questions of the day that you may act and speak advisedly. Cultivate every faculty; look upon all sides of every question. It is in vain that "day unto day uttereth speech" in the ears of the deaf; or that "night unto night showeth knowledge" in the presence of the blind.

Whatever you do, do with the whole heart. Whatever you believe, believe with the whole heart. Always act up to the full measure of your belief. Consult reason rather than passion. The faith which takes hold of divine things is not the blind faith of superstition, but the reasoning faith of the Christian. There is no such thing as an unreasoning faith in God. In every issue between right and wrong, conscience is the best counselor you can have. It is hers to unbar the windows, take down the shutters

and throw wide open the doors, that the light of God's truth may have free access to the soul within. Have a hand in every good work, but remember that the car of Juggernaut is not more merciless in its progress than is a pretended reform led on by men whose only incitement is hope of wealth or preferment. Do not bring your conscience to the market, and offer it in barter for place or money.

I give you these diplomas in the name of the "Independent School District of the City of Clinton." You have earned them by your diligent, faithful work. I tender you the good wishes of teachers and schoolmates; you have earned them by courteous manners and kind words. We send you forth with something of sorrow because we shall see your faces no more in yonder school. We open our ranks and welcome you with gladness into the great army of workers.

And here I should do injustice to myself, did I not remember one so touchingly referred to by your valedictorian. A dear girl, not of your class, but of your own circle, dearly beloved by us all; but the divine love was greater than the human, and God took her. We miss her in school, and in our daily walks; and she is missed, so sadly missed, in yonder sorrow-darkened home. Yet we mourn not for her, for we know

"Her life shall brighten more and more  
Unto the perfect day.

She cannot fail of peace who bore  
Such peace with her away."

Treasure up for yourselves in your youth a great store of pleasant memories. As cold water to the thirsty soul, so may these memories be to you when the shoes are worn and the feet are sore with the weary journey of three score years and ten. In the days of prosperity rejoice, laugh and be merry. There is as much true discipline of soul in joy as in sorrow. When adversity comes remember the divine promise that "as thy day is so shall thy strength be."

"\* \* \* \* Remember, too,  
'Tis always morning somewhere, and above  
The awakening continents from shore to shore  
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore."

## Don't.

Class of 1882.

The conflicts in life are mainly between those who don't and those who do. In this parting hour, the best advice I can give you is, "don't."

Don't swear. "'Tis neither brave, polite nor wise." This may seem strange advice to give a class composed largely of young ladies, but the oath is more expressive, just as elegant, and not much more wicked than the low, meaningless slang with which the youth of the nineteenth century are wont to embellish their talk.

Don't smoke, don't chew, don't snuff; don't use tobacco in any form; don't marry a man who does, if you can find one who don't.

Don't drink wine, beer, ale, or anything which can intoxicate; don't marry a man who does, if you go unmarried till the day of your death.

"O thou invisible spirit of wine!  
If thou hast no name to be known by,  
Let us call thee Devil."

Don't slander your neighbor; don't meddle with his business. Solomon says, "every fool will be meddling." Other things may have deteriorated since Solomon's day, but the race of fools has held its own.

Don't ridicule what your neighbor conscientiously believes to be right, even though you think it to be wrong; don't quarrel with him about his religion or his politics; don't endeavor to pry into the secret thoughts of his heart. All secret things belong to God. "Perchance thy neighbor has three things which thou mayst covet without sin,"

" \* \* \* Three treasures, love and light,  
And calm thoughts, regular as infant's  
breath,  
And three firm friends, more sure than day  
and night,  
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death."

Don't lie, even to support the truth.

"Truth gains no victories by falsehood's aid,  
Nor calls that triumph which a lie has made."

Don't be a humbug in the world. There are too many cranks in the land; men who strike down some great principle in politics, religion, or ethics, and excuse their crime by saying God commanded them to do it.

Be open-hearted, brave, true, frank; patient with your own faults, tolerant of others' failings; don't cringe, don't whine; don't dodge hard places; if the big end of the log is yours, lift and strength will come with the lifting.

"Be what thou seemest, live thy creed;  
Hold up to earth the torch divine;  
Be what thou prayest to be made;  
Let the great Master's steps be thine."

Don't fret at what you can't help; don't worry about broken bridges you may never have to cross; don't grumble at your brother's good fortune.

Don't be found among those who enjoy being miserable. Paradise is *now*, as well as *hereafter*. The sunshine of eternity enriches this life. "The peace of God which passeth all understanding" is the present inheritance of him who possesses a contented spirit.

Don't delay; don't hurry; yesterday is dead; to-morrow is unborn; to-day is the crisis of your life. Emerson says: "Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year."

Don't be credulous; don't be faithless; don't think that doubt is born of a great intellect.

Faith in the Infinite is our divine birth-right. Like the scarlet thread, bound about the hand thrust out of the womb of destiny, when the full birth is complete, it marks its possessor as first born among immortals. It is belief in the Infinite which covers the grave with light, and robs death of its terrors. "Earth to earth, dust to dust, ashes to ashes;" what matters it, if there be within us "the sure and certain hope of the resurrection?" With these diplomas, given in the name of the Independent District of the City of Clinton, I tender the good wishes of all who love you. Your ranks are full; yet not all full, for one is missing. The dear girl, at once our companion and scholar, your class-mate and sister, for many months has she been

in Paradise. When we think of her, the words of the dead Longfellow come instinctively to mind:

“She is not dead, the child of our affection,  
But passed into that school  
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,  
And Christ himself bears rule.”

As you stand here to-night, you are objects of honest envy. The wealth of the millionaire cannot purchase for him the warm blood, the high hopes, the enthusiasm of youth, the boundless possibilities of life which you inherit. Don't look for failure; don't stop to study the chances of success. “All true, good men succeed.” Don't ask which side is the stronger. Ask on which side of every question God and truth are, and there take your stand. “God and one make a majority.”

The times in which you live require that you should think and speak and act. So think, so speak, so act that when the end approaches,

“\* \* The memory of well spent years  
May be to you a perpetual benediction.”

## Fools.

Class of 1883.

Advice is a cheap commodity. There is a surplus in the market. If I were to exert myself, I could give you as much of it in ten minutes as you could practice in ten years.

Let us for a few minutes turn aside from the old paths and amuse ourselves in untrodden ways.

There are fools in the world—and there are fools. Quaint old Herbert says: "If every fool wore a white cap, we should all seem a flock of geese." A few are fools by nature; some are made fools by others; the large majority of us make fools of ourselves.

The happiness of a fool is in his ignorance; it ends when he realizes that he has made a fool of himself. Perhaps it is best that it is so. If we realized the mistakes we make, the chances for wealth, promotion, or usefulness which we allow to pass unnoticed, our lives would be full of vain regrets.

It takes the experience of years to impress the terrible revelation which would come to some of us with a direct answer to Burns' prayer:

"O wad some power the giftie gie us,  
To see oursels as ithers see us."



An old English proverb says: "An ounce of mother wit is worth a pound of book-learning."

Book-learning is an excellent thing. I commend it to you heartily, but it will not supply the place of brains.

A wise man differs from a fool not in the possession of brains, but in the use he makes of them. Unless you have acquired power of thought and ability to impress your thought upon others; unless your mother-wit has been quickened by your book-learning, as far as any usefulness in the world is concerned you are practically dead—dead as a locomotive without steam; dead as old Marley was; and he, you remember, was as dead as a door nail.

In an emergency a wise man consults his brains, a fool his impulses. A man of pure purpose, of quick wit, of active brain, is always ready. "Semper paratus" is written all over his shield. No accident disarms him, no calamity appalls him.

"What stronger breast-plate than heart untainted?

Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just;  
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,  
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted."

You will often be puzzled to know the difference between tweedledum and tweedledee. We who are older fools know the difference well. Tweedledum is my hobby—tweedledee is my neighbor's hobby. The partition between the two is very thin, but it is amply sufficient to separate one fool from another.

But the king of fools is he who is wise in his own conceits, and who makes up in prejudice what he lacks in judgment. "I am Sir Oracle; when I ope my mouth let no dog bark." He marks out the path in which he thinks every man should walk; he advises every man how to conduct his business; he can formulate a creed for any church or a platform for any political party. He threads with equal skill the mazes of free trade or tariff, of high license or prohibition. He is firm in the belief that "when he dies wisdom will die with him."

But after all, men grow strong, are cured of their folly, not so much through self-restraint as through the repression of unreasonable desires.

Avarice, ambition, self worship, those notions of discontent, are the natural growth of the fool's garden.

Integrity, purity, temperance, those virtues which outlive the storms of life, are of slow growth, but deep rooted. The fool plants the laurel, and in his impatience is happy that he may see it bloom and die.

The wise man plants the acorn, and is content in patient faith to know that, while it will flourish above his coffin, his children's children will play in its shadow.

To this great army of fools we bid you welcome. Although our name is legion, there is always room for more. Hitherto you have dealt largely with books, now you are to deal more

with humanity, and whatever is nearest humanity is nearest heaven.

There is that in the touch of a human hand which makes us all akin. An old author says "Give bread to a stranger, in the name of the universal brotherhood which binds all together under the common Father of Nature."

In common with other fools you will be judged by your dress. Let it be such as your circumstances warrant, neat, unobtrusive, following the fashion near enough not to attract attention. Good common sense in dress betrays good breeding. The height of fashion is the height of folly. And yet—

" Nothing exceeds in ridicule, no doubt,  
A fool in fashion, but a fool that's out.  
Between the two the safer road you'll find;  
A fool in dress betrays a fool in mind."

You will be judged by your conversation. Talk about what you know; don't talk about what you don't know. One-half the art of conversation consists in saying what you have to say in a few words; the other half consists in being a good listener.

You will be judged by the friendships you form. It is not always possible to go with the company we like; but we are not forced to like the company with whom we go. You will but assert your strength of mind by preserving your purity of character, no matter by whom you are surrounded. In your best companions you will see faults. If we wait for him who is without

sin to cast the first stone, we may all dwell safely in glass houses.

Have few intimate friends, no sworn enemies. Your friendships should mold your life. Let your character

“Like the stained web that whitens in the sun,  
Grow pure by being purely shone upon.”

And, after all,

“Lay this into your breast:  
Old friends, like old swords, still are trusted  
best.”

With the diplomas which I tender you in the name of the directors of this district, I assure you of the hearty good will of teachers and schoolmates.

With your class 116 have received their certificates during the twelve years I have been connected with these schools. Of these, three have gone over to the silent majority, to dwell in the land of the hereafter; two of them during the past year, one of whom, one year ago, stood where you stand to-night.

We remember their forms; we see their faces; we hear their voices.

“Dear hands, where bridal jewel never shone,  
Whereon no lover’s kiss was ever pressed,  
Crossed in unwonted quiet on the breast;  
We see through tears your glory surely won,  
The golden circle of life’s work well done,  
Set with the shining pearl of perfect rest.”

For yourselves there remain the duties of active life. Keep a vigorous body, a clear

brain, clean hands, an approving conscience and  
a never-faltering faith in God. So shall you  
reach life's end,

“Wearing the white flower of a spotless life.”

## Growth.

Class of 1884.

There are some men who fight but never pray, from want of heart; and there are some who pray but never fight, from want of courage. Praying is good, and fighting is good; but praying and fighting together can move the world. I would have you grow up into fighting, praying, men and women; always ready to recognize your dependence upon God, and equally ready to bear your burdens as sons and daughters in the heritage of humanity.

With all the study and labor which have attended your life up to the present time, you really know but very little. If you have an earnest desire to know more, you must learn, as the rest of us have learned, by actual contact with the world. The school of every-day life has no vacations; it is dismissed only when the lengthening shadows are lost in the gathering darkness, and the silence of the grave invites to rest.

Experience is the great highway along whose dusty paths, kings and peasants, the wise and the simple, plod on together. But I desire you to remember that you will never know all things. When you find a man who thinks he

knows so much that no one can tell him anything, be sure you have found either a second Solomon, or a fool—most likely the latter.

Be ever ready to learn. Knowledge is a great leveler; it cares nothing for rank or station, place or power. The common day laborer can instruct the philosopher in some things. An old writer says: "There is no creature so small or abject that it representeth not the goodness of God." So there is no man so ignorant that God has not given him the possession of some information which he may impart to others. All men are citizens in the commonwealth of knowledge.

Strive to preserve your own self respect, that you may look every man square in the face.

"Honor and shame from no condition rise;  
Act well your part; there all the honor lies."

Every man leads two lives—an inner and an outer. As no man lives without an action, so no man acts without a motive. The outer life is embellished by noble actions, the inner life is embittered by the consciousness of mean motives. The depths of the valley of humiliation are reached when a man is ashamed of himself.

If you would be eminent, cultivate knowledge; if you would be great, defend the truth; if you would be remembered, build character.

Regard each day as an era, each hour as a crisis in your life. Adapt the means to the end; if you must strike, let it be good, sturdy, knockdown blows, and your enemy will respect

you; if you make love, "let it be with roses and apples and locks of hair."

Do not imagine that the active world will stop when you die. Our departure from this world is much like casting a stone into the depth of the ocean; the circling ripples die away, until they break in imperceptible cadence on the farther shore.

Do all the good you can in a quiet way. It is a little matter that we fail to be canonized here, if we are reckoned among God's saints hereafter.

"The healing of the world  
Is in its nameless saints. Each separate star  
Seems nothing; but a myriad scattered stars  
Break up the night and make it beautiful."

I present you your certificates in the name of the "Independent District of the City of Clinton." As I have done to the ten preceding classes, so I tender to you the best wishes of schoolmates, teachers and friends. When your names are added to the list, 127 will have graduated from our school. The majority are in active life, many are married, some are dead. God's peace be with them.

"They take their sleep together, while the year  
Comes with its early flowers to deck their  
graves."

Go forth hopefully, joyfully, to whatever awaits you in life. Some one writes: "God is our Father. Heaven is His high throne, and this earth is His footstool. While we sit around and meditate



and pray, one by one, as we fall asleep, He lifts us into His bosom, and our waking is inside the gates of an eternal world." So may it be with you.

## Kings and Queens.

Class of 1885.

There is one word which to me is as the image of God; it is the word Everlasting—a state of being with no to-morrow. Into this state you have come without will or volition of your own. No man makes his own fortune. If we could trace the influences which have conspired to make us what we are to-day, we should find myriad threads running back, through the tangled web of existence, to that time when first “there was evening and there was morning; one day.”

To say that we are creatures of circumstances is rank blasphemy. There is a destiny which shapes our end, but that destiny is God, that end is eternity. If, then, all years, all life, all events, all thoughts, are summed up, as it were, in your existence, are you not Kings and Queens, children of a royal line?

“Heirs of all the ages past,  
Joint heirs of all to come.”

Remember man is not finite—man is infinite. There is no distance so great that he cannot measure it; no secret so profound that he cannot fathom it; no thought so deep that by study he

cannot master it; no love so tender that he may not share it.

The grave hides all that perishes. The Beyond; O, the illimitable Beyond; without measure, without time, without horizon, and yet within the limits of your kingdom. You are about to commence a reign; you stand on the steps of a throne. What kind of a ruler will each one make? Have you commenced your reign already in your own heart? Have you put aside envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness as unbecoming your kingly nature? If you would make your reign illustrious, have no part or lot in anything which makes a lie. Build no zigzag fences. Let the line between truth and falsehood be to you a straight line, over which you dare not step. Of all the marvels of creation a natural born liar is the greatest, as he is the meanest of all God's creatures. Whence he came, what he is here for, no one can tell. Where he will eventually go is easier to answer, but the doctrine of evolution even fails to account for his existence.

Eschew both politics and gossip. Don't flirt. Be as honest and sincere in love as you hope to be honest and sincere in death. If you see a good man striving to do good, encourage him; if you see a wicked man trying to be better, it is a royal deed to go far out of your way to help him.

Prayer is good for the soul, and praise is comely to the upright, but hard work sanctifies

both. The heart may be sincere and the lips may be eloquent, but the hand of the laborer is the type and badge of his manhood. Drive out the little foxes that despoil the tender vines in the king's vineyard. Your motto is right, "Character is Destiny." Character is a bundle of little things. The opening of a door, the fit of a calico dress, the color of a ribbon at the throat, a word, a look, a gesture, often indicate a regal heart within.

Rectify your own nature before you attempt to rectify your neighbor's. Perchance the apparent beam in your neighbor's eye is but the magnified image of the mote which floats in your own eye.

As quaint old Herbert puts it, "A crooked staff cannot cast a straight shadow."

I give you these certificates in the name of the authorities of this Independent District. With them, as I have so many times before, I tender you the best wishes of all who love you. One hundred and forty-two pupils have now received these certificates at my hands. I remember them all. Some are dead. Peace to their memories.

"They softly lie  
And sweetly sleep  
Low in the ground."

Some are married; some are in far off lands; but all, almost without exception, have proved an honor to the school. Of those who have graduated previous to your class, fully 95 per

cent have found their education of practical use in their efforts to gain a living. No man, with a thimbleful of brains, can scan the little roll of our graduates, note what each one is doing, and the character which each one bears, and not admit that this high school has been a great blessing to Clinton. As for you I might ask that your path through life should be strewn with roses, and lead through lanes of sunshine and of song. I would rather, however, that each one of you should lead a life of conflict and of toil, purified through tears, and sanctified through sorrow; so that when your summons comes to join the innumerable multitude, you may go like battle-tried, battle-scarred soldiers, veterans of an hundred well fought fields, to whom the Lord of life shall give the victor's crown. Then shall you enter upon a kingdom which hath no end, and reign as Kings and Queens forever and forever.

## Respect for Authority.

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Class of 1886.

I am accustomed on these annual occasions to speak straight from the heart. I dare not propesy smooth things; I cannot resort to any subterfuge of words. The times demand words of truth and soberness.

Every age has its own peculiar conflict; every generation must fight one battle. It is your lot to come upon the stage when the great question of the hour is the supremacy of law. Law was the beginning of all things. Before God said, "let there be light!" he said, "let there be law!" It is the dividing line between liberty and license; the only bulwark which protects the state from anarchy, and from the machinations of those fiends in human form who call themselves anarchists. I charge you that you grow up to be law-abiding men and women. Stand by your own convictions of what is right and expedient. Your conscience, your honor, your faith are in your own keeping; but recall the words of Washington, which ought to be emblazoned on the walls of every assembly room in the land: "Respect for the authority of the government, compliance with its laws, acquiescence in its measures, are duties enjoined upon every citizen by the funda-

mental maxims of true liberty." When, in the future, a business opens itself to you, no matter how lucrative, which cannot exist except in direct violation of the laws of state, boycott it at once. Remember that he who lives in open, daily disregard of the laws of his country is but one step removed from him who fires upon his country's flag, and consorts with traitors.

The authorities of the state have a right to demand from you loyal support. In the honest discharge of their duties, give them your support, heartily and without reserve; but do not forget to visit upon them the full weight of your scorn whenever they ignore crime, shield criminals or countenance mobs. Obedience to law is the measure of every public and every private virtue; the badge of citizenship; the only hope for the future of your country. No integrity of purpose; no faithfulness of zeal; no love for her institutions; no reverence for the past; no aspirations for the future, will avail anything, unless the young men and women of this generation are taught to stand like a wall against the incoming tide of lawlessness which threatens to undermine our republican institutions.

I would that I could speak to all who from year to year have stood where you now stand.

For what is learning worth, what are our schools worth, what is this government worth, if the youth of this generation are not taught that respect for authority, obedience to law, is

the very palladium of our liberties; the keystone of the arch into which all our hopes are built?

These diplomas I tender you in the name of the school authorities of this city. With them receive the good wishes for your future, of parents, teachers and friends.

Since our last annual gathering, three of our alumni have died.

Death asks no favors, makes no comments, answers no questions.

“God shuts the door; no angel lip uncloses—  
They, whom Christ raised, no word of guidance said;  
Only the cross speaks where our dust reposes,  
Trust Him who calls unto His rest our dead.”

You go into the midst of a busy, jostling, crowding world. Hope and fear, joy and sorrow, love and hate, righteousness and wickedness are strangely mixed – but God is over all.

“How long we live, not years but actions tell;  
That man lives twice, who lives his first life well;  
Make then, while yet you may, your God your friend,  
Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend.  
The trust that’s given, guard, and to yourself be just,  
For live we how we may, yet die we must.”



## Ought.

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Class of 1887.

You have finished your school life, and are waiting for me to sever the relations which have so long existed between teachers and pupils.

I do it with gladness, without a pang of regret: not because we shall not miss you in your accustomed places, but because the world needs your help. The battle waxes sore; the standards waver; men go down in the thickest of the fight and the only hope of victory is in the reinforcements. We lift up our eyes, and lo, the fields are white for the harvest.

As you go out from the quiet of school life, take, I pray you, this last lesson, to your heart. There is one word in our language, which more than any other, expresses the convictions of the conscience. When we say "I *ought* to do this;" or "I *ought* not to do that," we acknowledge the divine voice of duty, and we obey or disobey at our peril.

Every question of ethics, of morals, of religion, has at some time taken the form, "What *ought* I to do?" It has proved the most terrible question in the experience of men. Impelled by the force of this word *ought* they have endured the horrors of the dungeon and the tortures of

the rack; it has given them strength to face death upon the battlefield and on the scaffold, and it has turned the flames of the stake into chariots of fire.

The days of intense thought in which we are living will be followed by days of intense action. The great questions which divide society cannot be settled without a struggle. God will not recognize "an armed neutrality."

You cannot support two sides of a question. You cannot vote for that which is right, and that which is wrong, on the same ballot. You cannot serve God with one hand, and Mammon with the other. He who swears allegiance to two flags is likely to prove traitor to both of them.

There are questions concerning which no man can shirk his responsibility under the cloak of indifference.

On every moral and political issue you must stand up and be counted.

Every great truth has its opposite. The birth of Christ was either the great central fact of history, or it is a most stupendous fraud. There is a God, or there is no God. We are immortal, or "death is an eternal sleep." Between these extremes there is an infinity of meaning, but no middle ground of belief. The same law follows in the world of moral action. There is a profound philosophy in the words of Christ, "He that is not with us is against us; and he that gathereth not with us scattereth abroad."

As often as the question comes to you, "What ought I to do?" God give you grace to choose and act

"\* \* \* as if the earth were heaven,  
And as thy last day were the judgment day."

I am reminded to-night that during the past year two of our school alumni have died. One a bright and lovely girl, who only a year ago stood where you now stand, is no longer of our number.

"Just like a passing thought she fled,  
In light away."

And another, who sustained the relations of daughter, sister, wife and mother, sickened and died, and the young men with sorrow stricken hearts carried her out from her father's house to return no more forever.

"Sleep soft beloved, we sometimes say,  
But have no tune to charm away  
Sad dreams that 'neath the eye-lids creep.  
But never doleful dream again  
Shall wake their happy slumbers when  
He giveth His beloved sleep."

These diplomas I present to you, in the name of the Independent School District of the city of Clinton; with them go to each one of you the best wishes of all who love you; we expect good things of you; we know that you will not disappoint us.

Your lot in life will be the lot of all humanity.

It will be given to you to reap what others have sown, and to sow that others may reap.

Do your work faithfully, honestly, cheerfully. Call no man master; be the slave of no habit. Let tobacco alone; no one can give a valid reason why a young man should commence or continue its use.

“Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it showeth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright.” For all the world has found that “in the end it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.”

Cling to the traditions of your youth, as far as they are founded on truth and righteousness. Forsake not entirely the ancient land-marks which your fathers planted; and when the end of earth approaches may you go, singing, through the gates of promise into the land of eternal rest.

“For when the Christian sings his death song,  
Then all the Heavens draw near,  
And the angels, leaning over the walls of crystal, hear  
How the notes, broken, feeble, swell to music  
in God’s ear.”

## Strive for the Best.

Class of 1888.

We have long been friends. From your earliest childhood I have watched your progress and rejoiced in your success.

Let me revert for a moment to the past.

It is not very strange that, after so many years of service here, I have come to look upon Clinton as my home, and upon the children in these schools as those for whom I am in some way responsible. I cannot divest myself of this thought; and so, with thankfulness as well as pleasure, I find myself this morning, standing in my old accustomed place, surrounded by familiar faces, doing for you what I have done for so many others.

The past will not stay buried; we cannot speak of it as dead. From out its shadowy realms it reaches out in a myriad ways, taking fast hold of the life that now is, and of all life which is to come. It places its hand upon the shoulder of every man and whispers in his ear: "There is no death; all things are immortal."

There are two mysteries: What of the past has made me what I am to-day: and what influence will my life of to-day have upon some other life a hundred years from now? "The

unfinished window in Alladin's tower remains unfinished still."

Although I have taken new duties upon myself which are in no ways distasteful, there are times when I would fain lay them down and return to dwell in the midst of those whose friendship I have learned to prize so much. For here, in joy and in sorrow, 'mid laughter and 'mid tears, I have ever found a host of friends ready to share my pleasures and to bear with me the burden of my grief.

Other duties may present a broader field, and other honors may tempt me with the promise of a wider fame; but, if my name has an enduring resting place in human hearts, it will be, I trust, in the hearts of those for whose welfare I have cared during their school days; if, after a few more years, I am missed from my accustomed walks, let those whom I loved when they were children, and in whose success and happiness is the fruition of all my labors, speak of me not as dead, but as living still.

"The loving homage of human hearts is man's most enduring monument."

And now I turn to welcome you, whom I have known from childhood, to the active duties of this busy life. The world is in great need of young blood. With no young hearts, with no laughter and no sports, with no music and no flowers, it would soon grow old and grey and dreary. I am always glad when these days of graduation come; when from all the schools in

the land crowds of youths and maidens take upon themselves the solemn vows of manhood and womanhood.

There is need of youthful enthusiasm and hope, of the spirit which worships an ideal.

“ Like a star, unhasting, unresting,  
Each one pursuing his God-given quest.”

I hope you will always retain pleasant memories of childhood. God intended childhood to be light-hearted and merry. The idiotic cant that little girls should not play with dolls because it teaches them to worship idols, is the most silly phase of modern reform. Do not wait till you are old, but now, every day, do something to make the children stronger and happier. Cling to your own childhood as long as you can. Do not be in a hurry to grow old and sedate.

Should you live to the age of Methusalah (which may the gods forbid) it will never hurt your dignity to laugh and romp and play with the children. Make the children about you glad for your presence, so shall you lay up great treasures, beyond the power of rust to corrupt or of thieves to steal.

You need not expect that life will be one long holiday. There will be trouble and perhaps sorrow in your lot; but do not look upon life as a “vale of tears;” take the good as Providence gives it to you, and rejoice in it. Make it a part of your religion to be cheerful and thankful. Seek the sunny side of the hill if the winds

are cold; and the shady paths, if the sun is scorching. Make the best you can of your circumstances; if others have something which you have not, perhaps you have something which they, in their secret hearts, would give all they have to possess.

Things average curiously in this world. The good is set over against the evil, and the evil against the good. Were we allowed to inspect the books, we should find a kind of double entry running through them; what is debited to one man is credited to another, and when the final balance sheet is taken off, it will be found that there have been no errors in the posting.

Do not make great haste to be rich. You must earn your own living; you must not be dependent upon others; you should be able to help those who are in distress or trouble. Whatever you can get by fair, square, honest, open-handed dealing is lawfully yours, and if you use it aright it will be a blessing to you. Whatever you get by gambling, by defrauding your neighbor, by grinding the face of the poor, by robbing the laborer of his just hire, is not yours; it is the devil's money, and he will require it at your hands at compound interest.

There are powers which shape our destiny; they love endurance, patience, perseverance; they love the men and the women who help themselves, who lean upon no one; who take up each new duty as each day brings it; who do the everyday work of the world. The mending,



the baking, the washing must be done; the wood must be cut, the coal must be dug, the field must be plowed. God's kingdom is within the heart, and he who cheerfully, bravely does what God requires is God's best loved servant. It is not what we do, but how we do it; not where we live, but how we live. The consciousness of duty done is a well-spring of joy, whose waters are as sweet and plentiful in the cottages of the poor, as in the mansions of the rich.

Do not trust to good luck for your promotion in life. Because you work in a grocery it is not certain you will yet be United States senator. It does not follow, if you split rails when you are young, or are elevated to the office of sheriff, that you will become president of the United States. The famous "red bandanna" means nothing except as it is associated with the name of a man who, by a long and useful life, has earned an honorable place in his country's history. Whatever your calling, your business, your profession, your only hope of success lies in your ability to form your own plans, and in the strength of character and in the persistent pluck necessary to carry them out.

Strive not so much for great things as for the best things within your present reach. Let your ideal be higher to-day than it was yesterday. And so your progress shall be a constantly upward way.

These certificates of graduation are tendered

you in the name of the Independent District of the City of Clinton.

With them comes to each of you more love and good will than your young hearts can appreciate. How much the heart of the parent is bound up in the child the future alone can reveal to you. These certificates are simply marks which show you where one chapter in the book closes and the next begins. Be true, brave-hearted, men and women. Be tender husbands, or loving wives. Be manly, womanly, helpers in every good work. Obey the laws of the land. "Fear God, and keep His commandments."

Be joyful in prosperity, be hopeful in adversity, and put your trust in the love of God, which alone is infinite. And so may He who stilled the waters of Gennesaret abide with you in the ship, and speak peace to the waves when the despairing heart cries out to Him: "Lord, save us; we perish."

"Into all hands some duty 's thrust;  
Unto all arms some burden 's given,  
Crushing the heart with its weary weight,  
Or lifting the soul from earth to Heaven.  
Into all hearts and homes and lives  
God's dear sunlight comes streaming down,  
Gilding the ruins of life's great plain—  
Weaving for all a golden crown."

## The Work of Life.

Alumni, 1891.

Emerson says: "What has he done? is the divine question which reaches men and transpierces every false reputation." In the same spirit, what can you do? is the first great question which meets every man as he encounters the activities of the world. He has his whole life in which to work out the answer, but let him remember that in the end it will distinguish sincerity from hypocrisy, truth from falsehood, and will prove his entire life work to be a success or a failure.

Every man must build his own house, and whether it be founded upon the rock or upon the sand, is very largely a matter of his own choice.

"What shall I do to gain eternal life?

Discharge aright

The simple dues with which each day is rife,

Yea, with thy might.

Ere perfect scheme of action thou devise,

Will life be fled;

While he who ever acts as conscience cries

Will live though dead."

The age is industrial on the one side and economic on the other. The most successful inventions are those which enable us to economize

time and annihilate space. But while every labor-saving device throws some men out of employment, it rarely fails to open some new avenue of labor which furnishes means of occupation to others. The law of compensation is the great conserving principle which regulates society. The demand for skilled workmen in all departments of industry is rapidly increasing. The result is beneficial in a marked degree. Thought and action are coming into a close relation. Every product of the hand which expresses the conception of the brain adds something to the power of the worker. Not alone the painter or the sculptor, but the machinist in our shops, the workmen in our mills, every man whose employment requires some degree of manual dexterity, is placed in an attitude conducive to mental growth.

The political party which attempts a campaign of education inaugurates a wise policy in the hands of true men, but a dangerous one in the hands of demagogues. The American people are a thinking people. The dinner-pail brigade in our cities, the men on our farms, are carrying the brains of the nation. In nothing is the progressive spirit of the age more manifest than in the management of our school system. And yet we cannot deny that there is here a feeling of unrest, a growing determination to effect radical changes in some directions. It is not the cost of the schools, the enormous outlay of money for buildings and teachers, for apparatus

and books, but it is a lurking suspicion, amounting almost to a certainty, that we ought to get better returns than we do, in producing as the result of our school work—the typical American citizen. The feeling is heightened by the number of youthful criminals in our courts and prisons. It is estimated that there are to-day not less than 60,000 boy tramps in the United States. I do not believe that this is the result of our school system. They are slanderers of the dead, and falsifiers of the living, who say that it is. A most pernicious influence comes from those homes in which children are taught that honest labor is a disgrace, and that the workingman is not worthy of respect because he works for a living. There is no longer any boyhood and girlhood, except among the children of the poor. Boys and girls who have not yet reached their teens, who ought to be in the enjoyment of merry, happy, innocent childhood, have their little heads stuffed with the silliness of courtship and engagement, and are made the veriest slaves to the forms, frivolities, and nonsense of fashionable life.

But I am convinced that our schools can be made much more available than they are, in the formation of a distinctive American character. Manual training is knocking loudly at the school-house door. To some of us it may prove an unwelcome visitor. Its tendency is to uproot old traditions, to unseat old prejudices, to tear

down old idols which we long have worshipped, and to institute a new order of affairs.

I do not believe that the public school has fulfilled its mission. My confidence in its usefulness was never greater than it is to-day, but I cannot banish the question from my mind whether it is not possible to so modify its curriculum, to so enlarge its sphere, as to put it into closer touch with the activities of daily life. The majority of our children, especially the boys, leave school when they are 12 years of age. The reasons for this are various. In some cases the circumstances of the parent demand the aid of the boy in earning a living. In others it is because books have become irksome, and the parent either has not force enough to compel the attendance of the child, or is glad of an excuse to take him out and put him at work. It is a fact, substantiated beyond all question, that manual training is attractive to the boy, because it opens new avenues through which to exercise the faculties of the mind. Indeed, those who have had a large experience do not hesitate to say that manual training, in many cases, seems to be the only avenue through which we can reach the mind of a boy to awaken it, and that afterwards he approaches his intellectual studies with a new and increasing vigor. It is also claimed, and I think with truth, that such is the reactionary force upon the brain of training the eye to see and the hand to execute, that the boys in many cases retain their standing

in their classes, and gain as much skill with the hand in a few months as the plodding apprentice gains in as many years. The work peculiar to the kindergarten is doing much in many places, but not a tenth of what it ought to do, especially in our large cities. The clay modelling, paper cutting, construction of paste-board boxes, and light wood work, like the Sloyd, just introduced from Sweden; together with the moral instruction which is interwoven with all the exercises, seem to train the muscles to a healthy development, and to give the child that will power which alone enables him to resist temptation. Drawing, in all the grades, has the same effect besides cultivating the æsthetic faculties, and giving the child a taste for the true and the beautiful in both nature and art.

It may seem strange that I have chosen this line of thought for this occasion, but I did it purposely. Some of you already have children of your own; many of you are teachers in the public schools; all of you in the future will be called upon to cast your influence, and possibly to fill positions of trust and honor, in connection with the schools in the place where you reside. I would have you interested in the management of the schools and in the welfare of the children. I would have you post yourselves, as far as possible, in these matters upon which I have only touched. We need your aid in sifting the practical from the visionary, the real from the false, to the end that we may add to the curric-

ulum of our schools whatever tends to strengthen the intellect, train the hand, or enlighten the heart.

Again, our age is in advance of that of fifty years ago; in most things that make life desirable. And this material advancement is fully equalled by an intellectual and spiritual progress. There is less cant, and more true religion; larger freedom of thought and greater liberty of conscience; dogmas are less binding, and the gospel of love more potent for good. Men may interfere with their objections, and interpose their votes in the negative, but what of that? The river will find its way to the ocean in spite of all the obstacles that are thrown in its way. The life of John Howard was a better exponent of the gospel of Christ, than of all the creeds in Christendom. It was no common man, but a prophet of the living God, alone, who could lay himself upon the cold, dead clay of the widow's child and breathe into it the breath of life. So we sometimes find a great soul, commissioned of God, who can lay his ear upon the heart of suffering humanity, and gathering up the heart-beats, clothe them in words instinct with life and being, and send them forth to comfort the sorrowing, to strengthen the weak, to give sight to the blind, to make glad the waste places of the earth. And what is a puny man that he should attempt to fix bounds to the thoughts of such a chosen worker, or to say "thus far shalt thou go and no farther." The hand of God is seen



plainly in the last days of the nineteenth century.

“He has sounded forth the trumpet  
That shall never call retreat;  
He is sifting out the souls of men  
Before His judgment seat.”

A clergyman in charge of one of the very wealthy churches in New York, quite recently said: “I have no confidence in the judgment or wisdom of those who tell us that the church must try to reach the masses, purify politics and elevate the laboring classes.” Such a statement from such a source simply shows us that the need for missionary work is not confined to the slums of that city. A statesman, for a long time president of the United States senate, lately said that neither the decalogue nor the golden rule had any connection with conducting a political campaign. I am almost ready to bless the political convulsion that retired him to private life.

A church which has nothing to do with the world of time and sense, which does not go out to the poor and oppressed with messages of love and cheer, is dead beyond all hope of resurrection.

And the system of political management, I care not along what lines parties may divide, which has no concern for justice, truth, or principle, in conducting its political campaigns, is rotten to the very core.

Measure off one mile in any direction from

this room; now construct a square measuring just a mile on each side; cover that square with old, dilapidated, ramschackle buildings, four or five stories high, with another story underground; intersect them with narrow hallways, so dark that you must strike a match to find your way; partition the whole off into rooms, small, unventilated, many of them unlighted even; construct the alleys and areas so as to economize space, even to the exclusion of sunlight and air; now populate that square with 240,000 people, men, women, and children, and you have some faint idea of the condition of things in a portion of New York City.

Not long ago a gentleman told me that he went, last winter, into some of the rooms used for school purposes in New York. In one room perhaps 15x18 feet he found fifty-five little children; in another room somewhat larger, 18x20 feet, he found seventy-five little children; both rooms were low and dark, and in neither was there any provision for ventilation. In view of the facts as brought to light in a little book just issued, entitled "How the Other Half Live;" and of an article in the June Arena, "Society's Exiles," the pessimist tells us that society is disintegrating, and that we are on the verge of a great social revolution. No thoughtful man can deny that in this mass of poverty and degradation, filth and vice; in the immense wealth accumulating in the hands of a few; in the unholy trusts and combinations

